8: Dickey--201 (1936) 1936 Jivaro
116, 101

"On various tributaries of the Morona, Pastaza, Santiago, and Tigre rivers of Ecuador, live tribes generically known as Jivaros, Jiveros, Jiberos, or Jeberos. The Indians themselves are unacquainted with the appellation. They call themselves variously Huambisis, Aguarunas, Paloras, etc. , these being the names of small rivers in the territory they inhabit. Perhaps the rivers are named for the tribes, maybe the tribes are named for the rivers. In any event the name, Jivaro, or its cognates, which possibly had its origin in the local name for rubber (jebe) is, according to the interested persons themselves, a misnomer."

8: Dickey--201 [2] (1936) 1936 Jivaro
116, 152, 114

"The tribes...are referred to, in the writings of certain intrepid explorers, as Head Hunters. The usual picture is that of a sinister, bloodthirsty tribe, who as an outdoor sport dash off into the woods, grabbing innocent Indians whose heads they remove and shrink, with all the manifestations of ghoulish glee. And all this without rhyme or reason.

The Jivaros--and I must use this name with which they've been baptized--are neither sinister nor bloodthirsty. I base this conclusion on a relationship with them of nearly nineteen years' duration. On the contrary, they are hospitable and humble."

8: Dickey--201[3] (1936) 1936 Jivaro
116, 123, 609

"Five of us, including one white woman, lived with a Jivaro tribe numbering nearly two hundred for six weeks. The only contretemps suffered by our party came when we had exhausted all our excuses for not partaking of the vin du pays, the far from delectable chicha mascada, which was offered to us constantly, and is a drink evolved from yuca root mixed with the saliva of toothless, elderly Indian ladies. Apart from that, our treatment left nothing to be desired."

8: Dickey--201 [4] (1936) 1936 Jivaro
116, 727, 775

"Why do the Jivaros shrink human heads?

Believers in metempsychosis, they are of the opinion that a warrior--and all the intrepid explorers to the contrary notwithstanding, none but the heads of warriors captured in battle ever are shrunken--if allowed to go to the spirit world with his head, comes back to earth with the head of a jaguar. If he goes without a head, the puzzled spirits, who of course have to send him back in some form, give him a head of a rodent or some other harmless animal. As a jaguar he is a menace; as a rat he's harmless. All beautifully logical."

"How do the Jivaros shrink human heads?

The answer to this--one of the great mysteries, according to my intrepid friends, and really so great a mystery that there isn't a child of over ten years of age in Ecuador who doesn't know all about it--is based on personal observation.

First, of course, you have to catch your victim and kill him. He has stolen one of your wives--and this is the most frequent cause of internecine wars among the Jivaros --so, you start a war against the reprobate's tribe, with the results described supra.

Now a semicircular incision is made in the cadaver, extending from one shoulder to the other across the chest, and another is made across the back. Now you must be very careful--and you need two assistants in the chore--in dissecting skin, fascia, and flesh, front and back, up past the neck and over the skull, which remains attached to the vertebrae. You now have a sac, consisting of part of the chest, part of the back, all the flesh and skin and hair of the head. And this is wrong-side out. You, with your assistants, have pulled the whole mass over the top of the skull, just as you might pull a glove, wrong-side out, off your hand. When, during your dissection, you reached the occipital protuberance, at the back of the skull, you encountered hard going. The ligaments there held fast. This compelled you to make an incision at this spot on the scalp and carefully to dissect it off the protuberance. In all legitimate shrunken heads--and judging by the tourist trade in the article this means about twenty percent of those which reach the United States--you will notice that the back of the head frequently has been su-

tured. The artist who made those had trouble at the occipital protuberance. He had to cut into the back of the head and then, in order to make a clean job, sew it up.

You have removed the head, and portions of the chest and back, from the body. You now clip the excess--the parts of chest and back which were needed for leverage in pulling the mass over the top of the skull--leaving about three inches of neck attached to the head. The head, still wrong-side out, is now placed in a strong solution of bark of the tamajagua tree--a bark which contains much tannin--and left in the solution all night.

The next morning you turn your specimen right-side to, that is, to the position it enjoyed in life, and pour hot sand into the orifice at the neck, filling the hollow head com[203]pletely. This process is repeated hour after hour during ten days. The hot sand cools, more hot sand is placed in the head. During the first applications of hot sand, moisture exudes from the face of the specimen as though it were perspiring most profusely. The quantity of moisture diminishes, of course, after a while, and finally, when the normal 85 percent of the fluid which human flesh contains is exhausted, you have a miniature head about the size of a base-ball. And the features have been won-

derfully preserved, for an assistant, during all the ten days, has been molding the ears and cheeks and mouth so that each may retain its relative shape.

You sew up the lips of your specimen with native twine, that the evil spirits contained in it may not emerge--why you think they can't get out at the neck I do not know --and you decorate it with earrings of plumes or beads, or, if you are a member of the Maynas tribe on the remote river Corientes, you place a crown on the head and decorate the long tresses with the iridescent wings of beetles. Maybe you'll stuff wild cotton in the nostrils, and tree bark inside the head--and maybe not.

Of course you have a feast in celebration of your accomplishment. You dance and drink gallons of chicha masrada. And so to bed."